GOOD BOY

SOURCE POINT PRESS

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GOOD BOY

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BEFORE HUMANS DIE, THEY WRITE THEIR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

GIVE ALL THEY HAVE TO THOSE THEY LEAVE BEHIND.

THWOK

HEY, JON.

I DON'T HAVE THAT OPTION, SO I PROMISE YOU THIS. I WILL THEM NO PEACE.

I WILL NOTHING TO THOSE WHO SHALL MEET THEIR END AT MY HAND.

FLIK

THEY TOOK MY HEART FROM ME.

I DON'T THINK DAISY AND I WILL BE BACK FOR A WHILE.

KA-KICK

AS SUCH, I SHALL RETURN THE FAVOR, AND WITH A SLOW AND CALCULATED APPROACH, STRIP AWAY EACH OF THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN THEIR LIFE.

THIS IS MY WILL.

THIS IS MY TESTAMENT.

THE GUILD HAS A LEAD ON THE SCUMBAGS WHO DID THIS.

I'D BE LYING IF I EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

WELL, SEE YOU HERE AT LEAST.

YOU'RE ALWAYS WITH US, JON.

WIMPER WIMPER

ACTUALLY, FUCK THAT.

THIS IS MORE THAN A TESTAMENT. IT'S A GODDAMN PROMISE.

A FUCKING JUDGEMENT.

I'M GONNA HURT THEM.

I'M GONNA HURT EM' LIKE THEY HURT YOU.

"US."

YOU KILLED MY JON.

MY COMPANION...

MY BEST FRIEND.

I'M GONNA SLAUGHTER EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM.

THEY'RE GONNA BEG.

I USED TO BE A GOOD BOY.

FLINT

FLINT

I'M AFRAID THOSE DAYS ARE LONG GONE.

SEE YA' AROUND, JON.

DOOT DOOT

YEAH?

I THINK WE GOT A PROBLEM BOSS...

HE'S ONTO US.

THE FUCKING DOG?

WHAT GIVES YOU THAT IDEA?

HE SEEMS CALM. LIKE HE WAS SAYING GOODBYE OR SOMETHIN'.

HE'S JUST A FUCKING DOG!

CAN YOU HANDLE IT??

IT WOULD BE MY FUCKING PLEASURE.

AFTER TIFFANY DIED, JON REALLY LEANED INTO HIS WORK.

I DON'T BLAME HIM. PEOPLE DEAL WITH GRIEF IN THEIR OWN WAY.

I NEVER JUDGED HIM FOR THAT.

AND I NEVER WILL.

BUT JON GOT OUT OF THIS BUSINESS FOR A REASON.

HE WAS TOO GOOD AT IT.

WE BOTH WERE.

AND WE WERE HAPPY. UNTIL THAT DRUNK DRIVER CROSSED THE MEDIAN AND STRUCK TIFF ON HER WAY HOME FROM WORK.

THAT SHIT TORE US APART.

TIFFANY WAS THE BEST THING IN OUR WORLD.

BIP!

SHE WAS THE RETREAT FROM THE TERRORS THAT WE SAW.

A DISTRACTION FROM THE DESTRUCTION.

SHE WAS OUR WAY OUT. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. THE FABRIC...

FOOSH!

AMMO

BUT EVERY THREAD IN THAT CLOTH TORE WIDE OPEN WHEN SHE DIED.

OUR WORLD WAS EMPTY. THE ONLY OTHER LIFE WE KNEW WAS WORK.

PROBLEM IS, IN THAT WORLD, THEY DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO PEOPLE LEAVIN'.

EVEN LESS KIND TO THEM COMIN' BACK. SALEM SAID IT WOULD TAKE A MIRACLE TO GET OUT.

KA-CLAK

MOST OF 'EM NEVER EXPERIENCED A MIRACLE BEFORE. THEY DIDNT UNDERSTAND. THEY JUST SAW US LEAVIN' AS A SLAP IN THE FACE TO OUR LINE OF WORK.

BUT JON AND I HAD DEDICATION IN DROVES.

WE WERE LIKE A DOG ON A-

WELL, YOU GET THE IDEA.

THIS BUSINESS IS BUILT ON FAVORS.

IT'S HOW WE'RE PAID.

THE COMMISSION HAS SPENT DECADES BUILDING A NETWORK OF ORGANIZATIONS THAT OPERATE ON THIS PSEUDO CURRENCY.

AMMO

AN INCUMBENT POLITICIAN WANTS HIS COMPETITION TO "DROP OUT OF THE RACE", HE CALLS IN A FAVOR.

CLAK

FLING!

THE COMMISSION NEEDS LEGISLATION PASSED TO HELP PROTECT COMPANY ASSETS, THAT FAVOR IS RETURNED.

FWOOSH

FOOSH!

FLINT'S HOME

CLIK

KLAK

BUT NOBODY CAN BE TRUSTED TO REMEMBER WHO OWES WHO, OR WHO PAID WHAT. SO, THE COMMISSION STARTED MINTING FAVORS.

EACH SHINY PIECE, A POSSIBILITY. AN OPPORTUNITY. A "GET OUT OF JAIL FREE" CARD.

AND WE ARE OWED A LOT OF FAVORS.

BONUM PUERUM. SOLA VOLUNTATIS

JON NEVER LET ME DRIVE.

HE WAS A PRETTY PERFECT HUMAN, BUT HE HAD PROBLEMS WITH SHARING.

ESPECIALLY WHEN IT CAME TO THINGS HIS DAD LEFT HIM.

OLD MAN SPARKS WAS A REAL SON OF A BITCH...

...BUT THE MAN HAD TASTE.

WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT JON WITH NOTHING BUT A BROKEN HEART AND THIS TRUCK.

Chik

VROOM

THE SPARKS FAMILY IS NO STRANGER TO GRIEF.

HOW YA DOIN', FLINT?

I APPRECIATE THIS.

YOU'RE A DOG OF FEW WORDS, YOU KNOW THAT?

ALWAYS LIKED THAT ABOUT YA'.

I'VE SAID ALL I NEED TO.

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND, PAL.

NO.

YOU WON'T.

GAS

GAS

GAS

HEY THERE!

WELCOME TA' COUNTRY MARKET!

HEY. YOU GUYS GOT A RESTROOM?

IN THE BACK. TURN LEFT AT THE FREEZER DOOR. I'LL BE IN TO HELP YA' IN A SEC.

BRUTE BEER

FIVE BUCKS.

JESUS.

I KNOW YOU GOT A WHOLE SUPPLY AND DEMAND THING GOIN' ON OUT HERE, BUT DAMN.

HEY, WHERE'D THE LADY GO THAT HELPED ME WHEN I CAME IN?

I WANTED TO ASK HER A QUESTION.

SHE HAD TO LEAVE.

OH, GOTCHA.

BLAM

ARRRGGGHHH!

TOOF

POP

SNIKT

SHOVE!

CATCH!

SWIPE

AAWOOOOOOOO!

STAB

KSHH

MA'AM.

CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP A HUMAN CAN YOU, JAKE?

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT ONE, SCUMBAGS R US?

UNLIKE YOU, I TEND NOT TO TETHER MY LEASH TO MINE.

HOW'S THAT WORKIN' OUT?

TELL ME... WHAT WAS IT LIKE BURYING **THAT** PILE OF BONES?

POK

KRK

BAM

NIGHT NIGHT, PUMPKIN.

SAY HELLO TO JON FOR ME.

TELL HIM YOURSELF!

STAB STAB STAB STAB STAB STAB

SNAP

SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.

BRINNG BRINNG

BRINNG BRINNG

BRINNG BRINNG

BRINNG BRINNG

WELL?!

FRANKIE? YOU KILL THAT FUCKIN' POOCH, OR WHAT?

FRANKIE'S DEAD. JAKE, TOO.

YOU'RE NEXT, VINNIE.

KLIK

!

GAS

AND THEN THE "GIANT CRAZY DOG ASSASSINS" FOUGHT TO THE DEATH?

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

YOU KNOW ANTHROPOMORPHIC CHARACTERS EXIST IN THIS LITERARY UNIVERSE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY Y'ALL ARE ACTING SO SUSPICIOUS OF ME!

GAS

BRINNG
BRINNG

BRINNG
BRINNG

YOU TOLD ME YOU COULD HANDLE THIS.

SIR-

FUCKING HANDLE IT.

OR IT'LL BE **YOUR** INSIDES THAT WILL BE SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE WALL OF A HILLBILLY MARKET.

KLIK

FINE.

TOSS

GRRRRRRR

WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES.

TO BE CONTINUED.